UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Wanted—A Spiritual Restoration of Art - - - - - - - - *James H. Cousins*

Euthanasia - - - *Arthur L. Weatherly*

Bombing in China - - - - - - - - - *Excerpts from Private Letters*

The Two-Headed Monster - *Isidore A. Blanch*

THE STUDY TABLE

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Peace Trip: 1936-1937

By WILLIAM C. ALLEN

Only a very few typical experiences during a third trip around the world are narrated here. The tour included England, the Union of South Africa, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand. It involved addresses to many descriptions of church groups, clubs, interviews, and conferences. A large part of the work —as heretofore—was on behalf of international peace and church unity. Traveling in such service today is not a lyric—its detail means hard work.

In London I met a gentleman, connected with an educational book firm, who declared that England is suffering for want of men of middle age who, if living, would be strong leaders in the educational, technical, political, and religious life of his country. "But," he said, "they were destroyed in the great war."

We were in South Africa when the affair of Edward VIII was publicized. Even loyal subjects, who might look with a lenient eye on such matters, were horrified that their King desired to marry a woman who had two divorced husbands living; it was all too common. Unquestionably the idealism associated with the monarchial system was badly shaken. Apparently the net result seemed to be a stiffening of the moral fibre of the Empire.

In Melbourne, Australia, I met a Friend (Quaker), the father of five sons who had joined a league to give the blood of its members to the sick. One of these young men, when a lad, had suffered imprisonment because he conscientiously could not participate in compulsory military training. Recently one of the sons had given his blood to a Chinese, his next case was a Hindu; the white man's blood matched both patients.

As part of the service of this trip, numerous contacts were made by antipodean church leaders and groups with The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. It has been a favor to assist in bringing together these brethren of far-off countries. Thus it was a privilege to speak to a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Christian Council of the Churches of South Africa. It heartily agreed to send a message of greeting to our Federal Council. Twenty-seven denominations are represented in this Committee.

Peace sentiment among the churches of the Southern Hemisphere has evidently increased of recent years. For example, take Australia. The feeling that war violates the primary tenets of the Christian faith has enlarged among the churches of that country. Some leaders of heretofore militant denominations have become ardent Pacifists. Even the Council of Churches of the great state of Victoria, Australia, has definitely taken a stand against compulsory military training; largely, I

(*Continued on page* 164)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXX MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1938 No. 10

FASCISM!

"And it came to pass, when Samuel was old, that all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah, and said unto him, Behold, thou art old . . . now make us a king to judge us like all the nations.

"But the thing displeased Samuel, . . . and he said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen. . . . And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties, and will set them to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war. . . . And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive-yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. . . . And he will take your men servants, and your maidservants, and your goodliest young men, and put them to his work . . . and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day.

"Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us; that we also may be like all the nations. . . "

I Samuel 8

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

Had the Neutrality Act been put into effect in Asia, this menacing trouble with Japan would never have broken out. Our ships and soldiers and citizens would have been withdrawn from the area of conflict, missionaries and others remaining would have done so at their own risk, and "incidents" would have been impossible. But the Neutrality Act was *not* put into effect. Our ships and men have *not* been withdrawn. We are staying—and why? Let's have the truth about it! We are staying in China because we have so-called interests there—because *Panays* must escort Standard Oil tankers on the Yangtze River, and good American boys, perhaps, fling away their lives to vindicate national honor, or some other silly thing, that is precious to governments. What we have in this Chinese conflict, of course, is not primarily a struggle between China and Japan at all, but a struggle between Japanese imperialist interests in Asia and Anglo-American imperialist interests, with Russian and French interests on the side. Japan has arrived late on the scene of imperialistic contention in the East, just as Germany arrived late on the same scene in the West; and, like Germany, she is demanding her "place in the sun." In the Orient today, exactly as in the Occident yesterday, Britain and allied interests are standing in the way—and the explosion has come. And with it have come the same old "incidents" we used to be familiar with—bombed hospitals, sunk ships, killed and maimed citizens! And the whole thing is being camouflaged, for the people's benefit, with highfaluting talk about nations running amuck, barbarians on the loose, saving civilization, and making the world safe for democracy. Are we going to be fooled, and thus led into the war? Well, we were fooled once, and now again the whole damnable process is under way. Big armaments, defiance of neutrality, and invested interests—these did the deadly work in 1914; and they may yet do the deadly work again in 1938. But it is not too late, even now, to save the situation. Accept Japan's apology and indemnity for the *Panay,* and GET OUT. And then do the constructive work that makes for peace!

CONGRESS IN SESSION AGAIN!

The session of Congress now under way may well be the most fateful in the nation's history. Certain it is that the House and Senate will come to final grips with the President to determine the control of the life of this republic, for the legislative branch of the government has regained its independence, and therewith restored the constitutional balance of power. What this means will depend upon the use which Congress makes of this power which it is again asserting in its own right. If it does nothing but block the President's policies, and thus write in this session, as in the special session, a record of "do nothing," then the results may well be disastrous. Mr. Roosevelt, we may be sure, will not acquiesce in merely stubborn repudiation of his measures. He will declare a war on Congress which will revive all the animosities of his war on the Supreme Court, and then in all probability make an appeal to the country in the forthcoming elections which would convulse the nation with confusion and hate. There is no salvation for any of us, least of all for Congress itself, in any such conflict as this. No, the President must not be blindly and stupidly blocked. Black reaction can only serve its own undoing by such policy. But neither must the President be again abjectly followed, in weak surrender to the executive will. Congress must retain the power it has so happily re-

gained, but use it constructively and creatively to coöperate with the President when he is right, and to correct the President and match him with more sanely progressive legislation when he is wrong. This country is in a bad way, no doubt about that. It is the President's supreme merit that he recognizes this fact, and in the name and for the sake of the people would do something about it. What he would do has been conceived and projected in the New Deal, some of which is excellent, and much of it messy, muddled, and mistaken. It is the business of Congress to winnow the wheat from the chaff—not to block the President, but to outdo him in meeting the crisis of this hour. These are hazardous days. Events in Washington during the next twelve-month may well determine the destiny of the nation for a century.

PUBLIC VERSUS PRIVATE OWNERSHIP

One of the greatest feats of modern statesmanship, unexcelled by anything done by the Roosevelt administration at its best, is the transformation and extension of the park system of New York under the direction of Robert Moses. Nothing like it has been known in the history of American municipal government. Now Commissioner Moses has worked out a remarkable plan for the rehabilitation of the famous Coney Island, a nation's as well as a city's playground, and has asked New York for $16,150,000 to do this job and similar jobs at Far Rockaway Beach and South Beach on Staten Island. The basic principle involved in this undertaking, and the one involved in everything Moses has done from the beginning, is *public ownership*. Coney Island, like Far Rockaway, is now in private hands. In the myriad stores, shops, bathing pavilions, theatres, pool parlors, freak shows, gambling dens, liquor saloons, commercial enterprises of every imaginable description, is seen the full flowering of the great American ideals of private initiative and competition in the world of business. Coney Island is ugly, dirty, cheap, dangerous, because private enterprise has been given free rein there to exploit the people in the interest of private profits. Now Commissioner Moses proposes to wipe this all out. He asks permission and money to buy out everybody doing business at the beach —end the concessions, seize the land—and turn the whole place into a public park, owned by the people and run in their own interest. He wants to do with Coney what he has already miraculously done with Jones Beach—make it clean, beautiful, healthy, non-profit making—and public ownership and operation is the secret! How much longer, in the face of examples of this kind, is the superstition of private enterprise going to survive in this country. New York has recently built and is now operating the greatest bridge in the country—the famous Tri-Borough structure. It has built and is operating the 8th Avenue subway—the finest in the city. Under Moses, it has taken over vast territories of privately owned land and privately operated shore resorts, and turned them into paradises of beauty and happiness. If the government can do these things—to say nothing of public schools, etc.—why can it not operate railroads, build houses for the people to live in, and take over the utilities for their benefit?

REAL INSPIRATION

Some weeks ago in these columns (see November 1st issue), we published a list of appalling incidents as culled from the pages of our daily newspapers. We wondered if there were not good events to match the evil, and promised to watch out. Here is the result! A Book Fair in New York stirred as much attention as the annual Automobile Show. * * * A New York tailor found $1,598 in the trousers pocket of a client, and returned the money, every cent. Within twenty-four hours after the story was published, the business of the honest tailor had more than quadrupled. * * * A research laboratory worker at Teachers College, New York, has isolated the germ of measles, and thus prepared the way for the eradication of this scourge of childhood. * * * A fisherman off Long Island swam more than a mile to shore in a fierce storm of wind and rain, to bring rescue to two comrades clinging desperately to an overturned boat. * * * Toscanini is conducting radio symphony concerts, in the greatest musical broadcast of our time. * * * Hitler seems to be tiring of his war against an unconquerable church, and is talking about a separation of church and state in Germany. * * * A statue is to be erected in memory of Fridtjof Nansen, paid for by penny offerings from all the world. * * * 22,000 miles of new highways were built in this country in the fiscal year of 1937, and 1,149 grade crossings were eliminated. * * * Professor Stockard, of Cornell, declares that glands hold the key to the peace of the world; they dictate all emotions; love may be changed to hate by prolactin. "If a way could only be found to persuade some of the apostles of hate now in high positions to submit to a few injections of prolactin, we might bring about peace on earth and good will to men." * * * Supreme Janice, a four-year old Guernsey cow at Cortland, N. Y., has established a world's record of yielding ten tons of milk in a year (incidentally the Agricultural Department ought to look into this case of excess production!) * * * A Common Pleas court in Philadelphia issued a mandamus directing trustees of the Municipal Convention Hall to rent the building to Communists, to whom it had been refused. * * * Christmas was celebrated with universal good cheer and generosity.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

We have been having an exciting, and also amusing, time in recent weeks. We were so rash as to ex-

press our dislike for the national anthem, and to declare that it was among "the most vulgar and profane" of all patriotic ditties. There was nothing new about this statement—condemnation of the "Star-Spangled Banner" has long been deep and widespread in this country. But it brought a response in the form of letters which was amazing. People evidently have strong feeling upon this question, either one way or the other! What chiefly surprised us in this correspondence was the fact that the majority of the letter-writers endorsed our position—the proportion was about four to one! This is an astonishing circumstance, since it is persons angry with dissent who take their pens in hand. There is obviously an abundance of people in this country who have no more use for Francis Scott Key's anthem than we have. Another thing that interested us was the diverse character of the letters, *pro* and *con*. With few exceptions, the letters in approval of our position showed culture, refinement, and intelligence in every line. These were written by men and women who had standards, and were thus able to recognize doggerel when they saw it. On the other hand, the letters in opposition were usually vulgar, insulting, indecent, filled with vile epithets, bad grammar, and the most rudimentary human emotions. It was easy to see what kind of minds find satisfaction in the "Star-Spangled Banner." If there could be any more convincing evidence for our indictment, we would like to know what it may be. Lastly, we were touched by the number of persons who humbly and yet eagerly sent us original compositions—words, and frequently music—as suggested substitutes for our national anthem. These compositions were impeccable in sentiment, breathing the loftiest ideals of peace and brotherhood, and were not unimpressive as literary and musical achievements. Evidently there are many who know that the "Star-Spangled Banner" is all wrong, and would themselves supply something worthy of the nation. Our own idea of patriotic song may be found in William Watson's "Great and Fair Is She Our Land," Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional," and especially Katherine Lee Bates' "America the Beautiful."

PACIFIST AND WAR SECRETARY

The late Newton D. Baker was for years one of the most conspicuous and able peace leaders in this country, and he is destined to be remembered with Edwin M. Stanton as one of the greatest war ministers in history. There is a contradiction for you! Yet it is a contradiction which Mr. Baker resolved not only successfully but sincerely in his own mind. He believed, with his great chief, President Wilson, that the war against Germany had become inevitable in 1917, and he went into it to save civilization and to end war forever. When conscription was imposed upon the nation, he accepted the policy and applied it with magnificent efficiency. At the same time he was fair to conscientious objectors, and, in spite of occasional mistakes and regrettable incidents of cruelty and persecution, held the army to a larger measure of justice toward pacifist opinion than was granted in any other belligerent country. All this works into a pattern of the pacifist who believes that, under certain circumstances and to certain ends, it is right to fight. The curious thing is that, unlike so many pacifists of this type, Newton D. Baker never came to feel that any mistake had been made in entering the European War, and never conceded, so far as we know, that America had been frustrated in what it undertook to do. On the contrary, he resented and tried to refute the charge that the country had been led into the war for economic and propaganda reasons, for which the fine talk about peace and democracy was so much camouflage. Not even the Versailles Treaty won his repudiation, nor the League of Nations his pity or contempt. He stood by, in other words, to the very end. Was this an act of loyalty to President Wilson, whose political heir he became? Was it an act dictated by his own personal entanglement in the great affairs of the greatest war in history? Was it a stubborn refusal to accept the judgments of history? Or was it conviction deep-rooted in an experience which had been tried as by fire? One cannot say! But there remains the question of the worth of any pacifist idealism which is ready under given circumstances to compromise with war.

Jottings

Deaths in 1937, which occurred after we compiled our list as published in the last issue, were the following: FRANK B. KELLOGG and NEWTON D. BAKER, statesmen; MAURICE RAVEL, French composer, and DAN BEDDOES, American tenor; DON MARQUIS, journalist and author, and FRANK SPEARMAN, novelist; and JAKE KILRAIN, immortal for his seventy bare-fisted rounds with John L. Sullivan.

Premier Chautemps, of France, certainly has the right name for his position. It's a "hot time" in that country, and no mistake.

Nothing could be worse than the extension of the war in the Far East to include Russia and the United States. Yet would the spectacle of the "Stars and Stripes" and the "Hammer and Sickle" waving fold

with fold, the hosts of Washington and Moscow marching arm in arm against Japan, be like Katisha's left shoulder-blade—a thing worth going miles to see!

"One hundred and seventy-five deaths in automobiles on Christmas Day, mostly caused by intoxicated drivers. Arrests for driving while intoxicated were numerous."
—New York newspapers (December 26th)

Well, how do you like Repeal now? And how long is Repeal going to last in the face of news like this?

New? Why, our newest stunts are as old as the hills. *Nudism?*—at least as old as jungle Africa. The trailer?—the Gypsies discovered it centuries ago. Air-conditioning?—Pompeii had a fully developed system for cooling houses. Continental highways?—what about the Appian Way? A re-reading of Wendell Phillips's famous lecture, "The Lost Arts," would be a wholesome experience as teaching us humility once again.

Wiser, braver, than all the people of America are the people of the Philippines. Stop, look, listen! The Filipinos have abolished Mother's Day.

J. H. H.

Wanted—A Spiritual Restoration of Art

JAMES H. COUSINS*

Life is a perpetual re-creation, moving by power, through law, to knowledge; and moving by the development of finer powers to the realization of higher law and the attainment of fuller knowledge. But life is neither fulfilled nor circumscribed nor superseded by power or law or knowledge; to these it is original; they to it are derivative.

Seen thus, human life can make only partial, hence misleading, contacts with "the total push and pull of the universe" (as William James phrased it) through thought alone, or feeling alone, or action alone. Its fullest contact can only be made by action which, like the life of the universe, so far as we can realize it, is creative, that is, action which unfolds inherent characteristics, and does so within a pattern identified by the mind, and in a rhythmical order that arises from and invokes feeling.

With this in mind we can, I think, find a clue to the failure of religion, philosophy, or science to solve the problems of life, and find also a justification for seeking a more effective means of coördinating individual and group life with the universal life.

Religious emotion may, through the power of invocation, catch hints from the heart of things. But the tendency of the religious impulse to fall into doctrinal and liturgical rigidities has lowered the vitality of religion by turning originally creative thought into sterile dogma, and creative feeling into destructive bigotry.

Philosophy has sought to penetrate to the secret of the cosmic life by mental concentration. But, because of the separation which it has set up between the human mind and the supposed remote object of its contemplation, it has failed to establish a complete intellectual intimacy between man and the universe. It has failed also to build its most assured principles into the structure of human life and organization by following closely the "light of reason" and failing to grasp the full significance of the imagination and the heart where rise the upper and nether springs of human action.

The inadequacy of science as a contact-maker between man and the universe is different from the inadequacy of religion and philosophy. All but a few handfuls of human beings have nothing to do with science as pure knowledge. The nineteenth century impacts of science on religion created an emotional hubbub in the churches for a while, and modified a few intellectual formulae regarding geology and biology, but made little if any difference in the deliberate relationships of organized religion to daily human life. But the moment science began to *do* things, to put into the hand of man the means to larger experience, good and bad, it began its climb toward the ascendancy that it has now reached in human affairs. Today humanity at large cares nothing for scientific truth, but cares everything for scientific power. The result has been so great an acquisition of mechanical control over the needs and experiences of the present moment that vast numbers of humanity in every religious area have ceased to be interested in unverifiable events in the past as an expedient for the attaining of an uncertain future felicity, and have ignored or dethroned religion. Science has *done* things, and threatens to supersede the do-nothing phases of life. It has, to a vast and increasing number of people, become their religion. But the worship of the externals of science is no less idolatrous than the worship of persons or books or images which science decried; and the religion of science has included in its Pantheon divinities more horrible and cruel than any created by the unsophisticated aspiration of humanity in the past. Science has achieved a spurious ascendancy by a mere simulation of the creative doing which is the condition of life, cosmic and human.

The question arises, then, whether there is available to humanity any means for attaining a more complete relationship between his own life and the life of the universe than religion, philosophy, or science affords. Let us, as a preliminary to an answer to the question, note certain features that may be taken as common to both phases of life, human and universal.

The continuity of the life of nature is assured so long as its creative forces preponderate over the destructive. Creation is maintained by an arrangement which confers on its constituent parts an ex-

*Dr. Cousins, president of a college for Hindu boys and girls at Madanapalle, Madras Presidency, India, being an enthusiast for art, finds time to create galleries and museums in various parts of the country. This paper reveals his idealistic valuation of the arts as means to the regeneration of humanity.—EDITOR.

ternal distinctiveness; maintained also by rhythmical movement which ensures living continuity, and by integration which raises potentiality in the parts to achievement in the whole. Under conditions inherent in its own nature, life runs its course as a river between the defining banks of form. What, from the point of view of the river, might be regarded as limitations, and offensive to its ego-sense, are, from the point of view of the geographer, the means whereby water in general attains the distinctiveness, the beauty, and the power of a river. Such, too, are the conditions to which human life must conform if it is to attain to the fulfilment of its own inherent possibilities, and in doing so attain to its fullest possible measure of community with the life of the universe. It must find for itself a medium of communication between the individual and the group and between both and the cosmos, a medium at once vitally creative, emotionally responsive, mentally aware, materially competent, through which it will reach the unhindered exercise of natural power, from which, as Aristotle saw long ago, comes the experience of perfect pleasure. Such unhindered exercise of natural power does not mean either cosmic or human license. It means the free expression of capacity under accepted inherent conditions, even as the runner accepts the condition that he shall run forwards, not backwards, on his feet, not on his hands, and in the acceptance of the conditions gains the special pleasure that comes of running.

Now when the activity that will give to human life its maximum contact with the universal life is thus described, it will be evident that what is described is really art; that is (to repeat a fundamental condition for the sake of clarity), an activity disclosing the characteristics of a life within yet beyond itself, in a rhythmical order, within a significant design.

From the exercise of art, as thus described, arises not only the joy of creative activity in which the artist specially participates, but a distinctive pleasure derived by the spectator of art through reaction to certain qualities of idea, imagination, thought, figurativeness, feeling, form, design, relationship, succession, tincture, texture, movement and so on, qualities from which humanity has abstracted an inclusive quality which it identifies under the term beauty.

It must, however, here be observed that, while beauty is an accompaniment of creation in art, and in its highest aspects is a sign of the celestial touch, beauty is neither the primary impulse nor the ultimate achievement of art. Indeed, the representation of the pleasure-giving surface qualities of beauty, when it usurps the place of creation in art, leads to a turning away of both art and beauty from life towards death, even as it has done in much of modern art which, in its sensational and sensual phases, has lost the classical sense of cosmic affinity and dignity. By seeking the gratification of the senses, even of the higher senses, instead of the creative joy of the spirit, much of modern occidental art has not only debased beauty by making it a pander to the lower nature of humanity, but has renounced the true service of art as creator, and inspirer to creation, and has turned away from its proper office as regenerator of the race to being the "tempter" to another "fall of man."

The way of escape from this threat of disintegration in art, and its repercussions in social and international disorder, is by the dissemination of joy in creation through art, and the manifestation in art, and, through art, in life, of the inner characteristics of the soul of man and the universe, characteristics which are the essence of beauty. Over-valuation of the externals of the arts is, like over-valuation of the power-producing agencies of science, the worship of images instead of what they symbolize: it is aesthetical idolatry; and idolatry, theological, intellectual, scientific, aesthetical, or otherwise, is the negation of creation, and an invitation to destruction since it sets fixed and unproductive obstacles in the way of the flux of creative life.

The need of the time, then, is the restoration of art to its creatorial office and spiritual quality; and along with a spiritually inspired art, the creation of a spirtually illuminated art-criticism; not an exposition of creative activity in the arts that would seek to intimidate art by this or that inadequate theory or personal whim, but an exposition which will be inclusive of all the factors involved in art-activity; a criticism that will evolve profounder canons than those of the past.

Such theories of art as man has evolved in the past are not of crucial importance, though interesting and thought-provoking to study; they have not heretofore influenced art-creation to any great extent, partly because creation is no more dependent on criticism than the weather is dependent on the science of meteorology; and partly because art-criticism consists mainly of the intellectual speculations of individuals who had no full and absorbing direct knowledge of creative experience in the arts. From the point of view of spectators they theorized on finished products of the creative process, and got no nearer the reality of the process than a student of biology would get to the parallel process and experience of motherhood by only studying a child.

To say this, however, is not to reject as valueless the reactions of the lay spectator to works of art; it is only to give them their real value—as reaction, not creation. Art in its completeness is a collaboration between artist and audience. But when, through circumstances outside the essentials of his art (the spur to notoriety or the stress of economic necessity, for instance) the artist is compelled, in the process of collaboration, to submit to the demands of the spectator, then the basic condition of cosmic or human art, creation from within, is superseded by mere production, in caricatures of art, for the satifaction of external demands that are irrelevant to true art-creation. The need is for the collaboration of the spectator of art with the artist-creator, even as the need in life is for the collaboration of the individual and the group with the creative life of the universe. For the development of the art-criticism of the future, disciplined and intelligent capacity is needed in order to respond to the inner characteristics of a work of art, to catch its real purport, above all, to participate not only in the specific idea or feeling expressed in the work of art, but to touch the creative joy of the artist.

A necessary help towards a true collaboration

between creator and spectator is the observation, by creative artists, of their own experience of the creative process, and the free expression of their reflection on such experience; for, as Kuo Jo-hsu, the Chinese painter of the twelfth century, truly said: "The secret of art lies in the artist himself." He is, by actual participation and essential identity of experience, in touch with the universal creative process, and has no need for the makeshift of argumentation or speculation.

An epitome of the creative confessions of the artists of Asia who have kept to the Asian tradition would, I am convinced, be of more value to the understanding of art than all the argumentation on the matter since Baumgarten, in the middle of the eighteenth century, under the term aesthetic, deflected the philosophy of art on to the left-hand path, by limiting the process of art to the imitation of nature, and by making the aim of beauty, as generated by the arts, the imparting of pleasure and the stimulating of desires. Western art is suffering today from the inevitable consequences of this inverted and perverted notion.

The artists of China and Japan lived close to the creative life of nature, and tried to relate their work to its movement rather than to its appearance. The first canon of classical Chinese art is "rhythmical vitality." In the long history of the arts of India, personal confession of creative experience by the artists is rare, mainly because of their daily consecrated preoccupation with the expression of cosmic conceptions in which personal consciousness became a matter of no importance.

In the ordinary literature of occidental art, there is little expression of personal inner creative experience, though there is considerable reflection by artists on the phenomena of their art, and much material for consideration by the coming higher art-criticism in the writings of, for example, Leonardo da Vinci, Wagner, Shelley, and Edward Carpenter in the past; and of Pirandello, the Italian dramatist, and George Grey Barnard, the cosmic-minded American sculptor, today.

The complete exposition of the reality of art-creation has probably only reached its true beginning in our time, when research into the mystery of human nature has disclosed forces and capacities and processes formerly unknown, or, where known, concealed; and when the new science of psychology has uncovered the hitherto hidden workings of the mind.

Today, too, the direct expression of creative experience and reflection thereon has reached a stage of awareness of itself and its import not reached before. No book—certainly none in the English language—has uncovered with such frankness and fullness the open-eyed experience of the creative powers working behind the art of the poet as *Song and Its Fountains* by the Irish poet, AE. An epoch in the understanding of the deeper aspect of music has been opened by the book, *Music Today*, by John Foulds, an eminent English executant and composer. The book by Cyril Scott, an English pianist and composer, *Music: the Secret Influence Throughout the Ages*, indicates the power of music in the subtle modification of human society. Claude Bragdon, the American architect, has given architecture and decoration profound interpretation. The Russian and Belgian painters, Nicholas de Roerich and Jean Delville, have published much personal disclosure of art-experience.

But for bringing about the complete collaboration of the spectator of art with the artist, through which will come the liberation of art from inadequate notions as to its nature and purpose, and the restoration of art to its true work of relating human life to the cosmic life, the ultimate means is the bringing into existence of a race endowed with the capacity to respond to the real force and significance of works of art by being themselves participants in the creative process of art. This, obviously, can only be done when art-creation forms an integral daily part of the education of every individual. It also means a drastic revision of current ideas as to the nature, purpose, and method of education.

To those who respond with full realization to what has been said above, it will appear no exaggeration to say that there is no hope of any radical improvement in the present state of human affairs until an effective proportion of the people of the earth have become artistic, in the sense of expressing in their daily lives their personal rendering of the creative movement of life, in a creative order, within a creative design, and singly and in groups have made themselves powers in the "art of life," in the recreation of human society on a basis of creative art and its qualities. However the present lamentable condition of things the world over may be held to have been brought about (through economic necessity, national egotism, individual ambition, racial antipathy, or otherwise), it is ultimately due to the fact that the heritage of fear, greed, jealousy, and sense-gratification, that man has brought with him from his animal stage of evolution (and in some senses made more animal than the animals themselves), has not yet been brought under the control of his slowly emerging spiritual nature. Under the influence of that spiritual nature, man has made, through specially endowed members of the race, repeated attempts to touch the creative reality of his life through art. But his ascensive efforts have been periodically frustrated by the downward pull of forces generated by groups who, through the successful exercise of appeal to the lower nature of humanity, assisted by a social organization based on exploitation instead of Brotherhood, have debased the creative power and deflected the interest of humanity, and today have done so over an area and to a depth never before reached in human history. This descensive movement can only be checked and turned back by universalizing creative art in education, and, through education, in organized human life.

It is possible that considerations such as the foregoing may be regarded, by those to whom they are unfamiliar, as remote from the economic and international necessities of the present portentous crisis in human affairs, or may even be regarded as allurements away from what some may consider the urgent need of finding a way out of the conditions that appear to be developing towards a world disaster. It may, however, be pointed out that, in a situation muddled and vitiated by the complexities inherent in all self-centered action, which is the only action that appears to be valid today, no one of the expedients now being put forward for dealing with this or that aspect of the situation can bring about any permanent betterment, since none of them on a close scrutiny is found to touch the fundamentals of free, creative, unified life through which the beneficent potentialities of human nature can be evoked. The world is as it is, because its leaders lack

the spiritual vision of the unity of life and the community of its forms; and because the peoples of the world are denied a mode of life that would liberate their creative impulses into purifying and ennobling expression in the rhythmical order and within the significant design of art.

Forty years ago, Tolstoy, approaching the problems of that time, in *What Is Art?* exclaimed: "The task of art is enormous." It is much more enormous today after a decline in the quality of life and art inherent in the circumstances which he contemplated. But his summary of the matter, in its essentials, is not affected by time, though his remedy, if it could have been applied, would have proved ineffective because of the limitations which his temperament and environment imposed upon it. Tolstoy said:

> "Through the influence of real art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful cooperation of man, which is now obtained by external means—by our law-courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, and so forth—should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside. And it is only art that can accomplish this."

Tolstoy's definition of "real art" was an art that communicated feeling; the religion which, according to him, was to guide art, was the simplest form of Christianity, the ideal of human brotherhood as preached by Jesus Christ. But to restrict art to the communication of feeling (and the feeling regarded by Tolstoy as appropriate to good art was mainly a humanistic sentimentality) is to cut it off from vision and creative *ananda;* to rob a river of its full force by shifting its spring to a point too near its exit. To limit the guidance of art to the doctrine of a single religion is to isolate art, guided by Christianity as Tolstoy conceived it, from the arts inspired by other formulations of the religious instinct of humanity, from the exquisite art of Buddhist Japan, the luminous art of Taoist China, the interpretative art of Hindu India.

The coming spiritual art-criticism, bettering Tolstoy's high claims for art, will, as Shelley did in *Prometheus Unbound,* declare the arts, irrespective of theological distinctions, to be man's true means of fulfilling his real nature as creator, since they put him in contact with the creative life of the universe, and give him the constant opportunity to experience what the English poet laureate, John Masefield, in *Biography,* calls "those glittering moments" in which

> All may be imagined from the flash,
> The cloud-hid god-game through the lightning gash,
> Those hours of stricken sparks from which men took
> Light to send out to men in song and book.

That, in the phrase of a creative artist with spiritual vision, is the essential service to which art is now called —the expression of the vision of the "cloud-hid god-game" of the cosmic life and its characteristics, and the translation of that vision into the "art of life." Such vision of reality through art cannot remain an isolated activity: it has in it the power not only to use the intellectual, emotional, and material media of its expression, but to transform them into its own likeness—to vivify and exalt feeling and its expression in religion, illuminate thought and its expression in philosophy, purify the expanding sensory apparatus of the individual and its expression in science, and make human action a version of the divine activity.

Euthanasia

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Years ago I knew a family consisting of a father, mother, and a young son. The father in his twenties was stricken with paralysis. For eight long years he was an entirely helpless invalid. He existed but did not live. His mind was entirely gone. He was cared for as a helpless babe. The mother supported the family by taking in washing. The father died at the end of eight years. The widow survived as a broken old woman.

From that time to this, I have seen many cases of prolonged suffering which has included not only the invalid but also all the members of the family. In some cases the patient has prayed to die. Life was for him ended. His continued existence meant in some cases the breakdown of the family morale.

I have wondered why we should consider it a crime to permit criminals to suffer and yet approve of unnecessary suffering on the part of human beings. Is it because of the Biblical injunction: "Thou shalt not kill?" If so, why do opponents of Euthanasia argue for the killing of persons who commit crimes, and also for mass killing in the time of war?

Sir Thomas More, whom the Roman Catholic Church recognized as a saint in 1935 and who is described by Father Sir John O'Connell in the *Catholic Times* of January, 1936, as "the greatest Englishman who ever lived," wrote in his *Utopia* as follows:

> "If the disease be not only incurable, but also full of continual pain and anguish: then the priests and magistrates exhort the man, seeing he is not able to do any duty of life, and by over-living his own life is noisome and irksome to others and grievous to himself: that he will determine with himself no longer to cherish that pestilent and painful disease. And seeing that his life is to him but a torment, that he will not be unwilling to die . . . but either despatch himself out of that painful life as out of a prison, or rack of torment, or else suffer himself to be rid of by other.
>
> "And in so doing they tell him that he shall do wisely, seeing by his death . . . he shall end his pain. And because in that act he shall follow the counsel of the priests, that is to say of the interpreters of God's will and pleasure, they show him that he shall do like a Godly and virtuous man. . . . But they cause none such to die against his will, believing this to be an honorable death. . . ."

Here we have the testimony of a Catholic Saint. He well may be considered the Patron Saint of Euthanasia.

All objections to merciful death seem to rest finally on the assumption that it is man's business to live, and yet for ages we have honored men who have preferred death to life.

> "Though love repine, and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply—
> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die'."

Church and school have united in honoring those who have dared to give their lives for others. Certainly the one who willingly dies that his loved ones may be relieved from suffering that comes through his suffering, should not be denied the privilege.

After all, one's life is one's own. No one can deter-

mine for another what his duty is. Why should we by law prevent one doing what we can only call an heroic deed? When a sufferer faces the fact that the prolongation of his life means incalculable suffering for others, when in addition to his own pain he must see himself inflicting pain on others which adds immeasurably to his own torture, how can we insist that this situation be prolonged?

To many the answer is that it is the "will of God." But man is constantly interfering with the will of God. The preservation of the weak through medical care is what men once called interfering with the will of God. If the patient is helpless and food is not given him, he dies. Medicine is, in essence, a food. If it is refused, the patient dies. I know of a case where a helpless invalid was brought back again and again to life by restoratives. But it was hardly to life, it was rather to a helpless existence racked by pain. If the physician had refused to act, then Euthanasia would have been practised. We do not blame the physician in such cases for refusing to act.

I know of a person who was slowly dying and suffering excruciating pain. After a paroxysm of pain she sank into a coma. The doctor said, "I can bring her back as I have before." But he did not. And this with the approval of the entire family. Why thus should we approve of the negative action and deny a positive one that would realize the same end?

That this problem has important medical aspects no one would deny. But it is, as many doctors have said, primarily an ethical and social problem. In England, where this question has for a number of years been a matter of public discussion, there has been organized a Voluntary Euthanasia Legislation society. The movement has been supported by a large number of the leading medical men. It has also been supported by leaders in the scientific and religious world.

Among a large number of leading clergymen are Dr. Inge, the former dean of St. Paul's; the present dean of St. Paul's; the dean of Canterbury; Dr. Rhondda Williams, chairman of the Congregational Union. Among the laymen supporting the measure are names well-known here in America: Julian Huxley, Havelock Ellis, Prof. George Trevelyn, and H. G. Wells.

While there is no organized movement in America, there are large numbers of men and women who are giving their support to the idea.

This movement is not one which can be damned by referring to it as the work of sentimental social workers. It is interesting to note that, at the organization of the Euthanasia Society, the speeches were made by men of the highest standing in the medical profession in England. The whole question was primarily discussed as one of ethical and social importance.

Dr. C. Killick Millard, organizer of the society, set forth his reasons for his advocacy primarily in moral terms. He said:

> "We all know what a heavy load of pain and affliction humanity has to bear. We all desire that everything reasonably practicable should be done to lessen that load.
>
> "Much of the pain and suffering in the world is due to certain diseases, which not only kill their victims, but also kill them by the slow lingering process of exhaustion due to pain and suffering—a process often long drawn out over a period of many weeks or even months."

Lord Listowel, speaking at the same organization meeting, said:

> "For Christian and non-Christian alike, the first and greatest commandment is that which bids us exercise mercy and compassion towards sentient creatures. In the case of a domestic animal expiring in terrible agony our instinctive reaction is to release the poor thing from its pain, and it would be cruelty to do otherwise. Are we to continue to treat animals better than our fellow men? It is surely time for us to extend our mercy to the dying, so as to give them at least a peaceful crossing to the other shore."

But the most interesting testimony was given by Robert Harding of London. His personal testimony is so poignant and searching that I quote it in full:

> "You have heard the views of those eminent in medicine, public affairs, and the clerical profession. As a mere private citizen I do not think my testimony is out of place as a complement to that already given.
>
> "I must, for the time being, throw off the restraint with which we customarily speak in public of our own domestic affairs, for what I have to say relates to, or is the outcome of, personal experience.
>
> "It fell to my lot, as, indeed, it may fall to the lot of any of us, to watch by my wife after all hope of saving her life had had to be abandoned.
>
> "Though grievously tormented in body, the mind retained perfect competency and she implored me to find means for terminating her sufferings by painless death.
>
> "Of course, I consulted earnestly with relatives and friends who, like myself, loved her dearly and then, guided by them, I appealed to the doctor. He said 'I am not allowed even to consider that; my duty is to save life if I can, and, if not, to prolong it.' To prolong it, when any extension of the life span could only mean days of agony and nights of anguish!
>
> "And then I vowed that, if ever it should be within my power to speak to others of the lesson I had learned in the sad school of sorrow, at least one voice should be raised for the legalization of Voluntary Euthanasia.
>
> "Assuming that due care is taken, what are the possible objections? Well, it is said 'what husband would like to assent to the termination of his wife's life?' Of course no husband, no decent husband, would *like* to do so. But when he knows that it is compassion and love that call him to assent, then, though he may weep, he will not hesitate to grant the relief for which his beloved one pleads. Then it is said, 'It *is* sometimes done already.' That may be true or not. But if it is true, how much better that it should be done under proper regulations, and with proper safeguard against rash or impulsive action!
>
> "This matter is a matter of urgency, but not one in which there should be rashness, haste, or precipitancy. In mercy to those who may now lie in hopeless agony, don't let it rest. Talk to serious and sympathetic friends. *Talk to those who have been tried in the fire through which I have had to pass.* And if some have been so tried I ask them not to let the matter drop just because their own trouble—the grief in their own home—is now passed and over, but to think of those other sufferers, now condemned to the rack of pain after all hope has been abandoned, but who, if this legislation is passed, may close their eyes in peace, grateful for your response to the call of mercy."

The Rev. Canon Harold Anson says:

> "Religious people have tended to think that the unfettered course of nature represents the Will of God, and therefore that it was impious to bring rational considerations to bear to control either our entry into, or our exit from, this world. Contraception, whether by abstinence or by mechanical means, was disliked because it was assumed that God could and would control the course of the natural increase of mankind.
>
> "But again, religious people have tended in the past to think that it is always possible that by prolonging life to the last possible gasp some new moral grace or illumination may be secured for the future life. If this indeed be so then it is surely very wrong to allow people ever to go into war or into danger of infection, which might conceivably shorten their life. But if we believe that the prolongation of life is not the supreme aim of living, and that perfection stands not in length of days, then we may believe that we may be judges of the desirable limit to be placed on terrestrial life, and that skilled human judgment may give us a better criterion than the irrational growth of bacteria in the body as to the desirable moment for the final act of death.

"I believe then that the religious conscience will come to believe that the moment of death need not necessarily and in all cases be left in the hands of Nature, and that the course of Nature cannot be equated with the Will of God."

Enough has been said to make clear that the sponsors of the movement in England are men of the highest standing, and that they approach the problem, as I have said before, from an ethical and social point of view.

Attention has been called to the fact that we have a number of diseases, once thought incurable, which now are curable. This does not seem to me pertinent to the discussion. Certainly these eminent English medical men were well aware of this fact when they sponsored this movement.

The fact that the bill for Voluntary Euthanasia was defeated in the House of Lords by a vote of 13 to 35 does not mean that the movement is defeated.

Dr. Millard in an address before the Leicester Literary and Philosophical society said:

"I venture to suggest that after Voluntary Euthanasia has been legalized and people have become accustomed to the idea of it, it will come to be accepted as perfectly ethical and as a proper course to take in suitable cases.

"What is needed is a somewhat new orientation of our ideas concerning life and death. Life is a thing for use, and especially in the service of others—in that sense it is certainly sacred—but it is not something to be selfishly clung to after it has permanently ceased to be useful, and especially if we have become a burden to others. The fear of death is largely artificial and ought not to be encouraged. The idea that in the sleep of death bad dreams may come, and that this should give us pause, is to be deprecated as being neither noble nor courageous. Such ideas, indeed, are really a legacy from a medieval theology now largely discarded.

"Let us frankly recognize that truth is progressive and should not be bound down by the dead hand of the past."

Argument, however, will not convince many people of the desirability of Euthanasia in any form. It is only as human sympathy is deepened and broadened that we will get away from our traditional habits of thought. When the experience of Robert Harding comes home to us then we will be able to take this step which leads to the lessening of human suffering.

I am sure those who read the beautiful story of *Sorrell and Son* were so emotionally moved that they felt no condemnation in their hearts when Dr. Sorrell, lovingly, ended the pain and suffering of his father with a sleep from which he never awakened.

Bombing in China*

I have been to Shanghai and back again and that is always an interesting and sometimes exciting experience. The trip down was uneventful enough—a perfect day, the country smiling with plenty, the people and soldiery always pleasant and courteous. It seems impossible that from out of the beautiful clouds above there might come death and destruction at almost any moment. Yet a friend of mine had had his car, flying the British flag, machine-gunned by Japanese fliers only a day or two before on this very road and, on his return a week later, met with the same experience, fortunately escaping with his life by bolting into the rice fields, while another friend had just had his car burned by machine-gun fire on the banks of peaceful West Lake, Hangchow.

As we neared Shanghai, however, driving with lights out, we were greeted with a brilliant display of anti-aircraft fire and searchlights, as the Japanese endeavored to find the Chinese planes that were reaching their positions. Japanese planes were at the same time bombing Nanking; but we had missed them both on the road.

These night raids are often most spectacular, a first-class pyrotechnic display. A score of Japanese searchlights keep ranging the skies, but never seem to locate their object, while their anti-aircraft from land and every warship in the river shoot in every direction, the only damage done being to innocent civilians who are unlucky enough to get caught by the flying shrapnel. The Japanese are notoriously poor marksmen. When I was in Shanghai four weeks ago they had been trying for a month to get the Railway Administration building. Day after day, and many times each day, their planes flew over and dropped their bombs. From the roof of the Navy Y. M. C. A. we had a wonderful view. Three huge bombs leave three planes simultaneously. You can watch them as they descend for the first couple of thousand feet, then with the increasing speed they vanish. Suddenly a terrific explosion,—debris hurled hundreds of feet into the air, a great cloud of black smoke rising 1,000 feet or more in height. It seemed incredible that anything could remain alive within that area. But the Chinese soldiers are still holding the station and fifty of them actually live in the basement of that building. It has been perforated time and again with shells from the warships, but it was not until I was there this last time that they finally succeeded in registering a direct hit with a bomb from their planes.

The Japanese have rained bombs on the railway and on bridges but the track between Shanghai and Nanking and Shanghai and Hangchow is still intact and not a single bridge has been destroyed. With factories and railway stations and warehouses, which offer a better target in undefended areas where they fly low, they have wrought tremendous havoc, however. There is now hardly a station between Shanghai and Nanking that has not been destroyed.

On my return to Nanking last Saturday I was stopped by some children in the fields calling "fei chi, fei chi"—airplanes. Far to the right three planes were flying low and dropping their bombs. A great column of smoke was rising further north—later we learned it was a goods station in Wusih, an important industrial city halfway between Shanghai and Nanking, where now practically all the factories which once gave employment and livelihood to many thousands, are nothing but gaunt ghosts of what they once were. Three more planes, pursuits, came along flying much higher to ward off Chinese attack. We stopped for fifteen minutes until assured that they would not head our way.

It was not far from here that three bombers made a forced landing. Their pilots and crews were set upon by the Chinese farmers and literally torn limb from limb, the hearts of some of them being cut out while still in their death agonies. If they had fallen into the hands of the soldiers they would have been protected and treated well as were the sixteen mentioned in my last. But can we blame these farmers for meting even

*These passages are from private letters written in late October from China by an American missionary official.—Editor.

such terrible retribution as this on these fiends who raid their defenceless homes and machine-gun them in the fields?

One news agency says that the Japanese are confining their attacks to military objectives. Evidently the farmer who helps feed the soldier and the hospital which relieves him of his pain when wounded are "military objectives," while our schools and universities foster "anti Nipponism." To date 19 hospitals have been wholly or partially destroyed and in the Shanghai and Nanking area alone 42 universities, colleges and middle schools. And this diabolical bombing and machine-gunning from the air is going on with increasing severity day by day as the Japanese bring more airplanes to this country and construct more air fields. As a good neighbor who has given his pledge to coöperate in maintaining China's integrity we content ourselves by sending messages of sympathy, some medical supplies and money, which are truly appreciated, but say we must not involve ourselves in this fight which does not concern us. When we finally awake to a full realization of our real responsibility it may be too late—both for China and for ourselves. . .

On our return trip, we made the first lap of the journey by night, for we wished to go just behind the lines. The Japanese were bombing and shelling this sector incessantly, so it was not at all a healthy place in the daytime. At Nansiang we were less than five miles from the front lines at the very point where the Japanese were making a most determined attack in another effort to break through. It was necessary to drive without lights and while a bright moon helped us, the low lying fog made driving rather difficult, and we constantly had to pull aside and stop for army trucks with ammunition and for Red Cross ambulances. There were hundreds of wounded being brought in, most of them walking cases, but I suppose we passed fully one hundred on stretchers. Only once did I hear a cry of pain from any of these men—they bear their wounds with amazing fortitude.

It took us 4½ hours to make the 64 miles to Soochow and we arrived there, just as we had the time before, in time for an air raid. Bombs exploded somewhere, but fortunately we got to the W. A. S. C. headquarters before being stopped and were soon asleep. . .

The third raid prevented our getting away until nearly 3 o'clock. It was another perfect day and the winding road for about 20 miles along the northern shore of Lake T'ai, with its hundreds of brown and white-sailed junks and its mountains and its islands, is as beautiful a drive as I know. But our hearts were pretty heavy with all the suffering we had seen and the bombing which I told of earlier in this letter along the tracks and at Wusih. Darkness overtook us long before we reached Nanking, and under cover of that darkness newly arrived artillery and anti-aircraft were being moved up to the front from Nanking. We could not repress a cheer as they went past. A trio of British naval officers at one of the stations needed the help of an interpreter, for a truck that was accompanying them had broken down. It was just 9 o'clock when we pulled into Nanking. . .

There are stories abroad that many of those who are in the higher places go in a funk with every air raid, but I must confess I have seen none of this myself. Most of those I know continue right on their jobs. This is in some measure due to the fact, however, that since the 25th of last month when the Japanese sent 96 planes over the city, with their threat to wipe it out, the raiders have confined themselves chiefly to the aerodromes outside the walls. Perhaps world opinion has had some effect on the Japanese militarists after all. . . .

This afternoon I took some of the press and camera men to the Red Cross hospital, which is now housed in the Central University. This place has been bombed four times. Soon it will be the largest hospital in the world, with over 5,000 beds. Here in the huge auditorium, with its glass dome above completely shattered and three gaping holes in its north wall, was the receiving room, from which men were distributed to the different wards. In the great library the long seminar tables were used as beds. Hundreds of the wounded had to be contented with straw pallets on the floor, but there were proper beds for the more serious cases. Here was a man whose mouth was in a terrible smile —the first symptoms of lockjaw. There is not enough anti-tetanus serum, but fortunately lockjaw is not very common and 50 per cent of the cases are cured. Here a man shot through the neck, his entire body paralyzed, —soon he must die. We were shown a case of mustard gas poisoning—photophobia and blisters all over the body, but these cases have been few. So far none of the more terrible types of gas has been used. Here is a mere youngster crying because of the pain. I asked him his age—he is only fifteen. In the operating room we see two men under ether, one with a ghastly abdominal wound, the other with a bit of shrapnel in the neck. Dr. Ettinger tells us that practically all the cases are artillery wounds—shrapnel; practically none is machine-gun or rifle wounds and no bayonet wounds. The Chinese army is sadly lacking in artillery and mechanized units, but the men know how to handle machine-guns and trench mortars with deadly accuracy, and some, especially the Cantonese, are famous for their bayonet work. They deserve tremendous credit for holding the line these ten weeks, for the odds against them must have been terrific.

To a Heroine*

When down the angry avenues of strife
Blood-blinded leaders of the legions cried
In War's wild holocaust—reckless of life,
And in the maw of Hell youth, helpless, died
Shouting: "They shall not pass!" . . .

When in the rancors of the common life
The flail of man's injustice stung
To wrath the wretched of the earth, and strife
Arose, and solemn voices chimed among
The great: "Let traitors burn!"—

Here in our midst, faithful, scornful of scorn,
Alone, against the hurricane of hate
That seared the world, a woman by grief worn,
Outstood the madness at the Law's steel gate,
Crying: "They shall not die!"

And in her face, behind her voice we hear
Xenobia's challenge to the lords of Rome,
Hypatia's hate of ignorance and fear,
And Joan's deathless vision winging home:
"The innocent shall live!"

—Brent Dow Allinson

*(For Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans. Deceased, December, 1937.)

The Two-Headed Monster

ISIDORE A. BLANCH

The greatest prevalent evil is the racket. It stalks everywhere. You find it in politics, in industrial organization, in labor unions, in universities, factories, and fraternal orders. It seems to encompass everything everywhere. Like a green-eyed monster it invades and pervades every institution, every activity, every enterprise, and secretly, insidiously, and invisibly takes its toll in power, money, or influence, from those to whom it belongs by virtue of ability, hard work and honesty and gives it to those whose only right to claim it is "pull," secret alliance, and "gang" concerted action.

I see a man on the platform before me. He struts and strides. He talks of great things, lofty ideals, and uses platitudes. And as I meditate on the sincerity behind the words, his head seems to blur in my sight and suddenly I begin to see two heads; one loud, vociferous, and gesticulating; the other silent, ugly, hideous in its mockery, and repelling in its cynicism. One head seems to be the man he wants to have seen, heard, understood and thought of; the other head, the man with his secret thought and ambitions, his secret desires, his invisible associations and proclivities, his political connections and sordid commitments, thrown into the open. The sad thing is that the natural head was smaller and weaker; the ugly head, the larger and stronger.

And this seems to be the picture everywhere. You discover it when you join a political party; you find it even in club and fraternal leadership; it is frequently in your way when you are striving for an appointment that you richly deserve, and is particularly apt to be in the way when you are trying to forge ahead in business or a profession, and are depending upon your honesty and ability to carry you through, forgetful of the ugly, sinister head that I loosely described as "racket."

Mr. Thomas Dewey, who has been cleaning house in New York City for the past two years, uncovered a pestiferous network of trade association racketeers, labor union leeches, vice lords, and petty sharks which sufficiently aroused public opinion to become a municipal campaign issue, for this mob of hoodlums had been escaping through the sieve of the prosecuting agency and by the use of terror over victims and witnesses had been left to remain a law unto themselves. The results of the election sufficiently demonstrated that the moral issue is not dead yet.

To what extent parasitic efforts reach out into business and professions is mere conjecture, but I dare say, if the truth were laid bare, it would be appalling. A movement that would awaken the social conscience and give honesty and integrity in business a new lease of life would be a boon on a parallel with social planning and economic readjustment.

The racket of rackets, however, is political patronage and leadership. You may be a political philosopher like Jefferson, a spellbinder like Douglas, a practical idealist like Lincoln, a romanticist like Bryant, but unless you can hide your ability and individuality and keep it under lock and key, play the part of dumb "Tommy," and make of yourself an automatic tool of the boss, your chances of being sponsored are nil. Look at the type of men who have been manning the places of confidence in some of the political clubs of New York City! A more motley crew would be hard to find anywhere, except Captain Kidd's old gang. Look at the type of men who have been nominated for lower office in the past ten years! You will find at least one thousand men in the district who could just as well have filled the job. In most instances no outstanding ability, no self-assertiveness, no political individuality. For years it has been a mystery to me just what it is that makes the district leaders pick out the nominees in preference to the rest of the community. I was discussing political possibilities with a junior associate, and this is the sum and substance of what he said: For years I have been a member of this political club. A line forms every night extending for two hours to curry petty favors of the leader. Some of the favors are insidious, almost criminal. Still I never realized before the futility of playing up to the leader's honor and decency as a basis for political preferment. Even if the district leader considers as his political antecedent, Caligula, who is said to have ordered the Roman people to pay homage to his horse, nineteen centuries of civilization I believe should make him stand on a higher morale.

A friend whom I have not seen in years and who, I remembered, had great hopes at college for a political future, and who seemed to have the ability and character to justify his hopes, put it to me this way: I have been a member of the Democratic party for years. I have done everything to curry the favor of the leader of the Club, and the most I got was a promise of an appointment which was not kept.

The other day I had occasion to read *The Story of Dictatorship*, by E. E. Kellet, and as I waded through the pages, beginning with the chapter on the ancient Hebrews of Abimelech who hired assassins to slay seventy brothers and kinsmen to gain the throne; the story of the tyrants of Greece—Orthogoras, Cleisthenes, Thrasybulus—who stemmed the tide of Hellenic civilization, and their near cousins the Sicilian tyrants, Galo, Hermacrates, Aquathocles, who in their treachery betrayed alike friend and foe; the despotism of Lorenzo, otherwise a patron of art in Italy of the Rennaissance, and the murders and poisonings of Cesare Borgia, the cruelty of Lopez, who like an Attila devastated his own beautiful country, Uraguay; through the war madness of Napoleon in his lust for power, to the modern despotism of Mussolini, the tyranny of Hitler, and the craftiness of Stalin—as I read these startling episodes in the history of tyrants who ruled the world in different places and at different times, I wondered that, with all my knowledge of history, I should have lost sight of the fact that this hideous monster, the tyrant, is after all the half brother of every political leader—the ugly head unseen, but reared on his shoulders, that dares not unveil itself as long as power is not divorced from the rule of the people.

Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Study Table

Soviet Russia

RUSSIA—U. S. S. R. *Edited by P. Malevsky-Malevitch.* 712 *pp.* $5.00.

THE SOVIET UNION TODAY. *Same editor.* 102 *pp.* $1.00. *Both published by William Farquhar Payson and distributed by The Paisley Press, New York.*

What should have been the task of a Soviet historian who lived through the hectic period of the Bolshevik Revolution and who was instrumental in intrenching Soviet rule in Russia fell to the hands of a group of collaborators who, though able and cultured, find themselves as a result of the vicissitudes of the Revolution in the opposite camp: in the camp of the dispossessed and disenfranchised social revolutionists, constitutional democrats, monarchists, professors, and militarists who held soft jobs under the Czarist regime and in the brief Kerensky administration—and, as such, have, naturally, an axe to grind. Most of them were forced to flee from Russia and in their exile fervently hope, work and, in many cases, conspire for a return of a monarchy or of a capitalist republic. As the principal victims of the Bolshevik Revolution, they are perforce biased against the present regime, no matter how they clamor to be objective, scientific, and "impartial" in their observations from afar of the life in new Russia.

Russia—U. S. R. R. is a gigantic work and encyclopedic in scope. Some twenty-three contributors, who bear imposing titles and scholastic degrees from Czarist Russia, have contributed critical analyses of all phases of communist economy and life. Starting from the premise that Soviet Russia is presumably, after only twenty years of communist rule, a paradise, the contributors to this "complete handbook" of Russia and of the Soviet Union may feel satisfied that they had done a "fine job." But the Soviet rulers never made the preposterous claim that everything is "fine and perfect" in their domain and even repeatedly have discounted the notion that "Communism has been already fully evolved in Russia." While themselves admitting in numerous passages the inefficiency and spinelessness of centuries-old Czarist administration, the authors apparently have looked forward to the impossible, to supernatural feats in twenty years of Soviet rule, and naturally they are disappointed. Should we remind them that miracles do not happen in this scientific age?

The "impartiality" of the authors is reflected in the writer of the section on "History," who is the editor himself, P. Malevsky-Malevitch. He is objective and fair up to the analysis of the personality and administration of the last Czar. Here his bias is revealed. To speak of Czar Nicholas II as a scholar who, with his wife, held the ignorant peasant imposter, Rasputin, as the representative of God and Christ on earth; to characterize the revolting masses against the brutalities of the scholar-Czar as "mobs" and the Communists as "usurpers" working against the wishes of the masses, is certainly not indicative of the spirit of the fact-finding and impartial historian.

The two most informative and valuable chapters in the book are those on "Nationalities," written by C. Tcheldze of the University of Prague, and on the "Jewish Question," written by J. Bromberg. Here the revolting policy of the Czars, in respect to the hundreds of nationalities within the borders of the Russian empire and, particularly, in respect to the unfortunate Russian Jews, is factually described and from these facts we receive a cue to one of the principal causes of the two Russian revolutions in 1917. Very helpful also are the chapters which describe in minute detail the structure and operation of the communist government: the judiciary, armed forces, educational system, foreign policy, industry, agriculture, trade, finance, and communist organizations.

The writer of the article on "Religion," N. Klepinin, Lecturer in the Greek-Catholic Theological Academy in Paris, naturally finds the anti-religious policy of the Soviet rulers distasteful and he leaves no doubt as to his temper concerning the "unchristian" and "infidel" communist rulers. Equally critical of the Soviet government is the writer of the article on the "Communist International," Dr. G. Lodyjensky, Secretary of Entente against the Third International, at Geneva. To him the rulers of Soviet Russia are merely a band of international brigands who are passionately absorbed in one thought: *to foment the communist World Revolution,* through the instrumentality of the *Third International,* to which they pay homage above everything else. Whatever they do in Russia, ostensibly for the welfare of the Russian nation, is in reality designed to promote their ultimate objectives. Their Five-Year Plans, their agricultural collectivization drives, etc., are only artful schemes to undermine world capitalism. To quote from his own words:

> It must not be forgotten that the Plan [the first Five-Year Plan] itself is a stepping stone to World Revolution; Red "preparedness" in the U.S.S.R. must be followed by world-wide action, and thus the present subordination of the Comintern [Russian abbreviation for the Third International] to the socialist construction in the Soviet Union must be considered *transitory* and *tactical* [italics mine]. The principle of the Comintern leadership for World Revolution and its supreme authority have not, and will not be abandoned."

Some authors present an imposing array of charts, figures and statistics—and they take pride in emphasizing the fact that most of the data are culled from official Soviet sources—in refutation of the claims made by Soviet spokesmen in respect to progress made in all fields of economic, cultural, artistic, and social life, but they should leave the intelligent and historically minded reader unconvinced. For contrary to the intentions of the authors, these figures do indicate great strides and progress from the state of affairs existing in the same walks of life under Czarist rule.

The Soviet Union Today is a supplement to *Russia—U. S. S. R.* and contains an examination of the statistics published in official Soviet sources pertaining to the activities and accomplishments in the army, foreign diplomacy and trade, public health, education, art and literature, industry, agriculture, transport, finance, and social relations, to April, 1936. As in *Russia—U. S. S. R.,* the authors endeavor to convey the impression that not a scintilla of progress is in evidence in Soviet Russia as contrasted with Czarist days and that everything is black under communist dominion. Yes, one gratifying difference between this work and its predecessor is the inclusion in it of an article by Max Eastman and a critical review of both volumes

by V. F. Calverton, both well known American Communists, a gesture by which the editor tried to prove his genuine "impartiality" and "objectivity." While this reviewer does not dispute the literary reputations of Eastman and Calverton, he does question the motive and propriety of the editor in inviting critical contributions from outstanding representatives of a school of communist thought whose protagonists are exterminated by the firing squad in Soviet Russia day after day. The excuse offered by the publisher, and undoubtedly concurred in by the editor, that "citizens of the Soviet would have been unable to contribute, even if invited," because criticism is *verbotten* is a lame excuse indeed. While an official Communist would perhaps not dare to criticize Stalin in the pages of the *Soviet Union Today,* he could point out how and where the so-called official Soviet statistics quoted are understated and misinterpreted by the contributors to both volumes—a fact which even Calverton, the communist critic of Soviet Russia and its present rulers, admits in his review was done by the writers for and the editor of both volumes.

In sum, one closes the massive and thinner volumes with the thought that the contributors to and the editor of both works had one dominating motive in offering these "Handbooks" of the old and the new Russia to the American public, and that is *to discredit the Soviet regime and turn world public opinion against it.* No wonder one reviewer termed *Russia—U. S. S. R.* a "Guidebook of the White Guards" who are the world over conspiring for the overthrow of the Soviet regime.

MICHAEL B. SCHELER.

Bushnell, Pioneer and Prophet

HORACE BUSHNELL AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. *By A. J. William Myers.* 183 *pp. Boston: Manthorne and Burack.* $2.00.

It is now ninety years since Horace Bushnell published his epoch-making book, *Christian Nurture.* Many books have, in the meantime, been written about Bushnell and about his work, since he was a man of letters as well as an eminent theologian. But no one has devoted a book to Bushnell's most important work except Dr. Myers. It is curious that so much time has passed before a study of *Christian Nurture* has been made.

When *Christian Nurture* was published in 1847, it aroused a veritable tempest. It contained all manner of heterodoxy. Today this seems to us incredible, because the thesis of the book was that "the child is to grow up a Christian and never know himself as being otherwise." This has now been accepted as a truism, but ninety years ago this idea contradicted the theory of total depravity, and all generally accepted ideas of institutionalism. Bushnell's chief antagonist was a man, now generally forgotten, Bennet Tyler, at one time President of Dartmouth College, but later, during his controversy with Bushnell, President of the Theological Seminary at East Windsor, Connecticut. Tyler outcalvined Calvin, but he fought a losing battle. Bushnell's *Christian Nurture,* embodying the idea which we now call Religious Education, gradually took the place of the older revivalism, and education came into religion. Bushnell was a pioneer and a prophet. Both Dr. Myers, and Manthorne and Burack, the publishers, are to be congratulated on this excellent study of one of America's great men.

C. A. HAWLEY.

An Important Reprint

THE UNENDING GENESIS. *By Henry M. Simmons. Minneapolis: Echo Simmons,* 6050 *Wentworth Avenue South.* 1937.

It is exciting to know that this little book on evolution by Dr. Simmons, for many years minister of the Unitarian church in Minneapolis and one of the most scholarly preachers of his day, has been republished for contemporary readers. On its appearance in 1882, it attracted most favorable attention. Dr. Simmons ranked with M. J. Savage, Samuel J. Calthrop, John W. Chadwick, James T. Bixby as among the leading exponents a half-century ago of the evolution theory in its relation to religion, and in these pages he stated his doctrine. Twenty years after its publication, UNITY (October 12, 1905) remembered the volume, and spoke of "its originality, its insight, its brightness," and expressed regret that the author had never responded to "the demand for more from him." Now the book reappears again, in its third edition, and should find welcome.

It is remarkable that, at this relatively late date, few alterations had to be made in the text. Experts in the field were consulted, and they pronounced it, "with the exception of a few minor changes," as readable and authoritative as ever. This is at once a tribute to the soundness of Dr. Simmons' scholarship and evidence of the indubitable validity of the science of evolution.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A Guide to Mexico

MEXICAN INTERLUDE. *By Joseph Henry Jackson.* 246 *pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.50.

Now that the Pan-American Highway is completed, it is almost a moral obligation to get into the family automobile and drive down to Mexico. Just south of us lies our nearest neighbor, our sister Republic, a land we must learn to understand and to appreciate. And Mexico has made it possible for us to learn to appreciate her: she has built a highway; she has agreeable and entertaining people who conduct hotels, gas-stations, and inviting restaurants. But there is one difficulty for Americans. Mexico speaks Spanish, and Americans do not readily learn languages.

To offset this difficulty a number of books about Mexico have been recently appearing. Among the best of these recent books is Jackson's *Mexican Interlude,* a new creation in guide books. Unfortunately the present reviewer did not see this excellent book until his return from Mexico, but he unqualifiedly recommends it and urges all who are contemplating the journey to buy, read, and digest. Jackson followed the road from Laredo to Mexico (Americans call the capital Mexico City) and beyond. He tells the truth about this interesting country and tells it in an alluring and inviting way.

C. A. HAWLEY.

Correspondence

A Subscriber's Inquiry

Editor of UNITY:

As you know, I am a critical reader of UNITY. I have missed the delightful letters of criticism that used to be printed on the last page. I have wondered if the UNITY readers agree with *everything,* are too dumb to think for themselves, or too indifferent to write, or if it is deemed wiser to have it appear that there is no disagreement with anything printed in UNITY.

OLIVE COLE SMITH.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

[UNITY welcomes correspondence showing tolerant and intelligent difference of opinion and gladly publishes such communications when they meet ordinary journalistic standards.—*Managing Editor.*]

The Field

(*Continued from page* 150)

was told, because of alleged unsatisfactory conditions in the camps.

Among many interesting experiences was a conference with an Anglican Archbishop, whom I had interviewed years ago. He then commenced conversation with saying: "Mr. Allen, it was a low-down, dirty trick on the part of the United States not to enter (at first) the great war." After he had unburdened himself I endeavored—as in many other similar instances—to correct his point of view. Apparently the good man thought we had been among the signatories of the treaty of 1839, guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium—which was not the case, although strangely enough not a few over the Empire think this charge to be true—as well as other misstatements regarding my country. This year we parted in great peace, he promising to write our Federal Council.

Another Anglican Archbishop is a man of a most lovable spirit, mentally very keen. When I told him of observations during much travel, as to the spiritual damage to church life caused by war, he bowed his head in sorrow and expressed his regret at having supported it. Still another Archbishop of the same communion has urged, I was told, an increase in the territorial forces of his country, and objects to too intimate fellowships abroad. But there are strong Pacifists within the Anglican Church.

In an interview with the Premier of South Africa, General Hertzog, I first spoke of the visitor to a Scottish insane asylum who, when making the rounds with the superintendent and seeing little evidence of restraint, remarked that the patients might unite in an effort to escape. The reply was, "Lunatics never unite." The General laughed heartily and ejaculated, "It does seem as if the world has gone crazy!" When I narrated past experiences, and told how some newspapers of the Empire, at times, unfairly refer to America, I told of the late Lord Riddle, the famous newspaper owner of London. That publisher—to his great amusement—once received a scriptural quotation, "When they would see Jesus they could not come nigh to Him for the press." Again Hertzog had a time of merriment, and agreed. We had, however, much serious conversation. He sympathetically received a plea on behalf of conscientious objectors to military training and war. When I stated that obedience to the teachings and spirit of Christ was the only real way out of our international troubles, he, with genuine sincerity, admitted the fact.

No doubt many who may read this simple story have heard of the eminent General Smuts, a leading statesman of the Empire and the world. I had had an interview with him years ago. He did most of the 1936 talking; it was very worthwhile. He informed me that conscientious objectors to military service and war, of any denomination in the Union of South Africa, were exempted by law from such service, when considered "honest." With intense feeling, he exclaimed: "The statesmen of the world have done all they could, but the world is drifting toward a colossal catastrophe. All their efforts have failed. Efforts to avert war have only been substitutes for religion. Peace must be built more deeply than upon anything that has yet been tried—we must go deeper. Only religion can save us. The churches must get on their job, the responsibility rests with them. Religion is peace!"

There are attempts being made in parts of the Empire to "coöperate" with America. The leaders of these efforts are often high-minded Britishers. To divers of them, "coöperation" naturally means our ultimate support in the event of war. They forget that at Versailles the Empire secured vast territorial acquisitions, by mandate or directly, while we lost the ideals for which we fought, and have debts of billions unpaid us. Yet I feel that, independently of political considerations, most of the influential church ministers and officials I have met with sincerely desire spiritual fellowship with their brethren of the United States.

It is a duty and privilege to comprehend, and sympathize with, the life of our brethren in distant lands. In some way or other we are all followers of Christ. Church harmony is a potent need of the hour; it is absolutely essential if we are to successfully fight the forces of evil. Peace propaganda and pronouncements constitute a noble service on behalf of our Lord, but personal international relationships may, with great advantage, be promoted. With future personal sacrifice and international visitations between Christian groups, a more generous understanding and unity will be crystallized and enlarged.

Denver, Colo.

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The need for medical relief in War-Torn China is appalling.

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Mr. C. H. Wang, co-manager of the Bank of China, is treasurer of this fund. Kindly make check payable to C. H. Wang, Treasurer, and mail it to address given below. Any names you could give us as possible donors, will be greatly appreciated.

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